IN SEARCH OF HIM

by ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"I played in the sunny garden, amongst the thyme and rosemary, the climbing roses, the lilies, the sweet basil, and the scarlet anemones. I said my prayers in the dim chapel, and went to rest in my tiny cell.

"This lasted till I was ten years old. One day it rained heavily. As I have said, it was the only wet day that I remember. Soon after our midday dinner the great bell clanged at the gate, a very unusual occurrence. Sister Ursuline went to the gate, and I remember that one or two curious nuns and I were peeping through the grille when she came back, in evident agitation, and sought the mother superior. I was carried off by one of the nuns, my constant playfellow, a sweet woman of fifty, with the heart of a child. She kissed me lovingly as she held me in her arms. I remember it all so well!

"'Sister Desiree,' I whispered, 'thou art crying.'

"'No, no, Bebe,' she said; 'it is nothing! I am rightly punished. My affection for thee has grown too deep, beloved—it is earthly. I know thou will be taken from me; it is but just.'

"I did not understand her then. I was wonderfully childish for my ten years. But you cannot think how vividly I recall it—how I should remember every stone of the dear old convent, every path in the sunny garden!"

"You make me feel as if I could see it all myself—you interest me extremely," said Mr. Martineau. "Pray go on."

"Well, that was my last day with the nuns. It was the very last happy day of my life. They told me presently that my uncle had come for me. My uncle! The words conveyed no impression to my mind. Who was he? I did not want him. I declined, with thanks, the honor of relationship. When ——y made me understand that it was not a matter for my choice at all, that I must go with him, it was terrible. I threw myself into such a passion as I could not understand anything she said, and I was quite determined not to learn English, which stood condemned in my eyes as the language of my uncle. At last, however, I had of course to give in, and to acquire by slow degrees, a knowledge of colloquial English.

"It was a dilapidated house, and, I am sure, in a most out-of-the-way place—there was no railway for several miles. There was a small village, and a tiny church in a very bad state of repair. I did not even remember the name of the clergyman."

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Martineau; "but, from the way you were talking, you lead me to imagine that you don't know where this place is. Is that so?"

"That is so, unfortunately," she answered, with drooping eyelids.

"How long did you live there?"

"From the time I was ten till about the time that I was sixteen."

"And you don't know where the place is?" His tone expressed the most absolute incredulity.

"No, I don't," she admitted shamefacedly.

"I hope you will forgive me; but I can scarcely believe such a thing," he said, looking rather excited and pale. "Don't you know the name of the village? You must know that."

"But I don't," she faltered.

"But I can't understand it," he said.

"I used to know it, of course," she remarked.

"You used to know it?"

"Oh, yes; but I have forgotten it!" She blushed deeply while making this admission.

"I am hopelessly at sea," said Mr. Martineau. His grey eyes rested on her face with suspicion. It was easy to see that he thought she was trying to deceive him.

"May I go on," she said, "and try to explain how I came to forget all these things? I can offer you an explanation; but I don't know why I should expect you to believe it. I have often thought that no lawyer would believe my story. But what can I do?"

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Martineau was compelled to confess to himself that her sincerity was self-evident.

"Please go on," he said.

"It is a difficult thing to tell, I know so little about it myself," she resumed. "The woman whom I have mentioned was my uncle's housekeeper. She was kind to me, but I was afraid of her. She was a very reserved, silent woman—I think she spoke less than any woman I ever knew. Our house stood quite by itself, a good way from the high road, and three miles from the village. I was never allowed beyond the grounds without the housekeeper.

"Every day the old schoolmaster from the village came to give me lessons. It was, as you may imagine, a very old-fashioned education which I received; but I liked it. My uncle had a library—neither large nor valuable, but I read all the books on those shelves. Robinson Crusoe, Rasselas, Gulliver, the Pilgrim's Progress—that was my only idea of fiction. So the days and months crept slowly by. My uncle was often away, and I used to notice, at those times, a greater anxiety on the part of the housekeeper to have an eye on me, and that I should not go out of bounds. I was no doubt closely watched; but by degrees they grew to trust me more, for I was very tractable. Constant isolation made me dull, quiet, unlike other girls. I had absolutely no link with the outer world; I had been distinctly forbidden to write to the nuns—I knew no one in England. My uncle used to have visitors—always men—but these I never saw. I lived quite apart from him; his rooms were at the other end of the house. I always had my meals with the housekeeper."

"Pardon my interruption," said Mr. Martineau, in a low tone. "Did you say you never saw your uncle's guests?"

"Wait a minute; I am going to tell you," she replied. "When I was between sixteen and seventeen a change came about in my world. The old schoolmaster died. There was a pause in the regular routine of my days. Left entirely to my own devices, I used to wander all over the upper parts of the house. In one of the attics I found a box full of books. Some were dull and uninteresting, but some were—well, I do not think you can have any idea of what it was to me to become acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray and Lord Lytton. My brain almost reeled with an accumulation of new ideas. I wondered how in the world I could have remained where I was so long in helpless, stupid ignorance of life. I soon resolved that I would bear it no longer. I would brave my uncle; I would demand my freedom; I would ask why I was mewed up thus in a corner, away from all companionship.

"I remember that night vividly. It was August, sultry and still, and both atmosphere and sky were beautifully clear. I had spent the afternoon under the willows by the brook, gloating over my novel till the fading light compelled me to close the book. The pastures, as I walked lingeringly back to the house, were heavy with dew, and discolored the hem of my white cotton dress. I must have been a strange looking girl; my hair floated all over my shoulders and down my back below my waist; nobody had ever told me that I was growing up, and that my locks should be arranged more neatly. I came with slow steps round the corner of the house, brushing my hand softly along the thick dark box trees; my lightly-shod feet made no noise on the gravel as I turned the corner of the clump of thick bushes which stood at each side of the entrance, and advanced toward the heavy white columns of the porch.

"Then I started back and paused irresolutely, for there was a stranger standing by the door— a young man with bare head and folded arms. I beg your pardon, Mr. Martineau, did I startle you?"

"Not in the least, thanks. You—you can't think how you interest me. Please don't pause."

"It seems a strange thing that up to that night I had never encountered any of my uncle's guests, but it is nevertheless quite true. As he turned and caught sight of me, he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"'You startled me,' he said.

"'You startled me, too,' I answered vaguely, as I looked at him, there came floating into my mind reminiscences of the romances with which I had lately filled my head. I thought of the first meeting between Ivanhoe and Rebecca as I looked up at him. He took my hand, drew me to his side, and patted my hair kindly.

"'Whose dear little girl are you?' he said.

"I felt cruelly wounded and hurt! There was every excuse for him—you see how small I am, no taller than a child, my hair was all down my back, and the light was fading! But I never thought of that. Picture to yourself a girl, with a mind just awakened to a consciousness of womanhood and its possibilities, brought face to face with the first young man she had ever met, and greeted as I was greeted then! He must have thought me mad. I burst into indignant tears, and tore myself away from him.

"'How dare you—oh, how dare you speak to me like that?' I cried. 'I can't think how you can insult me so!'

"I think he saw then that he had made a mistake, for he said, 'By George, I beg your pardon!' But I would not stay another moment. I ran upstairs to my own room. There I cried as if my heart would break. I had deeply realized how neglected I was, and there was no one to help me to gain redress!"

(To be continued.)

"YOU STARTLED ME," HE SAID.

CLIMBING STAIRS

Just the Thing to Strengthen the Lungs and Cure Dyspepsia.

New York Times: The average landlady of the average lodging-house is nothing if not resourceful and original. When it comes to the question of the merits of her particular house, the unoccupied rooms of which are open to inspection at all reasonable hours, her vocabulary is practically unlimited, and while her English may not always be without reproach, it is sufficiently lucid and forcible to give a good idea of the many excellencies of her domain. It has remained, however, for a landlady living not 1,000 miles from West Eighteenth street to make, with the assistance of a number of unknown medical men, the astounding discovery that climbing up numerous flights of stairs is not only not injurious, but is actually beneficial to the health. "Why, bless you," she said to a young man, an unfortunate seeker after rooms, who protested that the fourth floor was too high up for him because of the weary and hurtful stair climbing, "why, bless you, it's the best thing in the world for you. The doctors all around here are recommending stair climbing for dyspepsia and lung trouble! They say it's the best thing in the world for either of these complaints, if you'll only walk up stairs often enough and always be sure to throw your shoulders well back." The seeker protested that he was troubled with none of these complaints. "Oh, well," said the obliging landlady, "that doesn't matter. It's good for the general health. You don't care to try it? Very well. Good-day," and the door closed firmly behind the outcast young man, who was wondering what tale would confront him in the next house.

A FIERCE BATTLE.

Taking of San Fabian by the American Troops.

MOST SPECTACULAR AFFAIR.

The Gunboats Maintained a Terrific Bombardment While the Troops Rushed Waist Deep Through the Surf.

Manila, Nov. 11.—The landing of the American troops at San Fabian Tuesday was the most spectacular affair of its kind since Shafter's disembarkation at Daiquiri. The co-operation of the troops and the navy was complete. The gunboats maintained a terrific bombardment for an hour, while the troops rushed waist deep through the surf, under a heavy but badly aimed rifle fire from the insurgent trenches, and charged right and left, pouring volley after volley at the fleeing rebels. Forty Filipinos were captured, mostly non-commissioned officers. Several insurgent dead and five wounded were found in a building which had suffered considerably from the bombardment. The town was well fortified. The sand dunes were riveted with bamboo twenty feet thick, which afforded a fine cover.

When the transports arrived in the gulf they found the gunboats Princeton, Bennington and others waiting. After consultation with Gen. Wheaton, Commander Knox of the Princeton and Commander Sherman of the Bennington anchored in the shallow water two miles off shore. The gunboats formed a line inside, the Helena, Callao and Manila close in shore. With the first gun of the bombardment the small boats were filled rapidly, without confusion, by Maj. Cronkite's battalion of the twenty-third infantry, and Capt. Buck's battalion of the thirteenth infantry.

While the line of boats moved shoreward, the gunboats poured the full force of their batteries into trenches, soon forcing the insurgents to flee through the burrows dug back of the trenches. About 200 men held their places until the keels of the boats grated on the shore, when their Mauser bullets commenced to sing overhead.

The battalions formed in good order. Capt. Buck, with his six pieces, and Patton's companies, pursued the insurgents on the left, into the bamboo thickets. On the right was a frail foot bridge across the river leading to the towns.

Gen. Wheaton, personally commanding, ordered a charge across the bridge, and Capt. Powell and his staff led Coleman's and Elliott's companies of the thirteenth and Field's company of the twenty-third, who behaved splendidly under their first fire, into the town, which was found to be nearly deserted except by the aged and some Spaniards who had hidden in the buffalo wallows, and who came shouting delightedly toward the Americans.

Two companies of the twenty-third had a skirmish along the Dagupan road with retreating Filipinos.

Maj. Shields of the staff with his command captured several insurgents.

The troops camped in the rain during the night and in the morning Gen. Wheaton established headquarters in a church, quartered his men in the house and sent the captured Filipinos beyond the outposts, with orders not to return.

Took "French Leave."

New York, Nov. 11.—A special from Burlington, Vt., says: Officers of the forty-third infantry at Fort Ethan Allen were perturbed yesterday morning when they found that a large part of the regiment had taken "French leave." The men were paid off and those contemplating deserting were waiting for their money. The officers admit that 120 privates and noncommissioned officers ran away and the number that deserted in the last four weeks will swell the list to 200. Probably twenty or thirty of the men will return and report for duty before the regiment starts for New York to embark on the transport Meade on Monday. Thursday night many of the soldiers visited the clothing stores in this city and bought civilian clothing. They went down to wharf and discarded their uniforms, throwing them behind lumber piles and into the lake. Twelve uniforms were found behind the railroad station and fifteen more were found on the wharf.

Yellow Fever Cases.

Jacksonville, Fla., Nov. 11.—The state board of health announces two cases and one death from yellow fever at Tampa City. A rigorous quarantine of the place and of the docks was at once instituted and a dispatch yesterday evening declares no excitement exists, nor is there any indication of an exodus. Dr. Porter, state health officer, declares that owing to the lateness of the season there is no fear of any spread of the disease.

Official Count Begun.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 11.—The official count of the ballots cast in Tuesday's election was begun yesterday throughout the state. In this city a large crowd gathered at the courthouse to witness the count. Representatives of all the parties were admitted by the commissioners, and the examination of the ballots proceeded in an orderly manner. Judging from the progress already made the official returns will show no great variation from the figures which give Louisville and Jefferson counties to the Republicans by a plurality of about 3000.

There was no change yesterday in the claims of the party managers. The Democrats assert that Goebel will have a plurality of 5000, while the nominee himself places it at 7000. The Republicans claim Taylor is elected by a plurality of 4000.

The Times (Goebel, Dem.) has the following special from London, Ky.:

"State Chairman A. W. Young of the Democratic campaign committee is at Barboursville seeking to have the entire vote of Knox thrown out. Numbers of the electors allege fraud and charges of irregularities are being filed with the county board. It is believed that Taylor's majority will be considerably reduced, if the county is not thrown out entirely.

"Official returns from Clay county reduces Taylor's majority to 907. No changes have been made by the canvassing board of Laurel county so far. Taylor's majority will remain 931, though complaints will be filed next Saturday asking that three precincts be thrown out, which will reduce it."

The Times also has the following from Bardston, Ky., concerning the count in progress there:

"A serious technical error in the vote may increase Goebel's Nelson county plurality to 1866. In the official count it was discovered that in every precinct except one W. A. instead of W. S. Taylor was voted for, and the one precinct, New Hope, gives W. S. Taylor, the Republican candidate, only 73, leaving the official vote, as certified to by the two Democratic commissioners, as follows: Goebel 1959, W. S. Taylor 73, William P. Taylor, 1198. The Republican commissioners refused to certify to these figures."

Reports received last night by the Courier-Journal from counties where the official count was completed show in most cases slight changes from the unofficial figures. In a few important instances, however, the changes favor the Republicans. Leslie county, in the eleventh district, which was not included in the table Thursday night, which gave Goebel a plurality of 971 in the state, as reported last night as having given Taylor a plurality of 962 votes on the official count. Kenton county, which figured in Thursday night's table with 2493 plurality for Goebel, is reduced to about 2100. Oldham county, Goebel's plurality, comes 96 instead of 185, as reported Thursday night. In a number of counties there are slight changes, each candidate profiting.

Mysteriously Disappeared.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 11.—W. F. Kantz, eastern general freight and passenger agent of the Cotton Belt road, with headquarters in Pittsburg, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared Sunday morning, Oct. 29, and since that time nothing has been seen or heard of him, although every effort has been made by the Cotton Belt company to ascertain his whereabouts. Mr. Kantz had been summoned to the main offices of the company at St. Louis, but he never reached there.

Elias Jones was hanged at Greenville, N. C., recently, for murder.

Bond Issue Discussed.

Washington, Nov. 11.—The question of the purchase of the United States bonds by the government was under discussion for nearly an hour at yesterday's cabinet meeting. Secretary Gage explained the situation fully and it now appears to be settled that no purchases will be made for the present at least. Although the secretary has not expressed his views on the subject for publication it is known that he, with the other treasury officials, is considering the question of refunding the 4 and 5 per cents into long term bonds bearing 2 per cent interest. This action would necessitate congressional authorization, but whether the secretary will recommend such legislation is not known. The proposition to extend the domestic postal service to the Philippines gives the archipelago the same rates and classification as are paid here.

Joseph Enders killed his sweetheart and then himself at Paducah, Ky., the other day.

New Telephone Company.

New York, Nov. 11.—Although the incorporation of the Telephone, Telegraph and Cable Company of America, the company whose reported purpose is to enter the long distance telephone field, was employed Thursday by the filing of the papers in Trenton, N. J., the names of the companies consolidated in this enterprise are still withheld and the officers expressed their unwillingness to give out the list until after their meeting on Monday.

Trinity River Survey.

Galveston, Tex., Nov. 10.—The survey of the Trinity river, authorized by an act of congress and an appropriation made for same on March 3, 1899, has been completed by the government engineering department, Capt. C. S. Rich commanding this district.

Assistant Engineer Oppikofer and party started from Dallas on July 1 to survey the Trinity from that point to its mouth. They embarked in skiffs, which had to be hauled overland a great distance when the party came to one of the many drift obstructions in the stream. The engineer's office is now busy compiling the report of the survey.

A rough estimate of the cost of opening the river to navigation with a depth of about five feet is given by Capt. Richie at $4,000,000. The approximate cost of maintaining the navigable stream is put at between $250,000 and $200,000 a year. The proposed improvement is for a system of locks and dams.

Capt. Richie will meet with the commercial bodies of North Texas at Dallas in two weeks to discuss the value of the improvement from a commercial standpoint before making his report and recommendations to the government. It will be ten days before the surveying engineer's report is finished.

Hydrophobia Scare.

Corsicana, Tex., Nov. 10.—There is a big, well founded hydrophobia scare at Richland, a few miles south of this city on the Central railroad, and as a result there has been a general slaughter of dogs, while a few cows and hogs have been killed by the people.

Ten days ago or more a pet dog belonging to Judge Seely, a prominent citizen of the place, developed what is now acknowledged to have been hydrophobia, but that at the same time was thought to be nothing but dog meanness. He began biting every dog he came in contact with and became so vicious that he had to be done away with, not, however, until he had bitten a large number of dogs, some cattle in the stock pens and hogs on the streets.

Tuesday other dogs began showing signs of hydrophobia, and the number grew so fast and got so large that the people began killing them. At last accounts over thirty dogs had been killed.

Wednesday cattle in the stock pens showed unmistakable evidences of the terrible malady, it being so pronounced in two cows that they had to be killed. Hogs also have developed the malady, and it is reported here that they are being killed because of it.

Mr. Harris, the horseman, writes Will Ransome of this city that within the last few days hydrophobia had appeared among his pet dogs, and in order to prevent damage he had to kill three very valuable ones, one of which he paid $15 for when a puppy.

Escaped Prisoner Captured.

Gainesville, Tex., Nov. 10.—Elijah Farley, a white man, who with eleven other prisoners escaped from the Sherman detention camp eight days ago, was arrested yesterday morning at 4 o'clock at Elliott's ferry on Red river by the ferryman, J. B. Fussel. Farley crossed the rived last Sunday, going into the Territory, and was recrossing it when arrested. He has a wife living on the Texas side of the river. He shows no signs of smallpox, and was sent to Sherman on the 5 o'clock train.

Tried to Kill Himself.

Weatherford, Tex., Nov. 10.—W. H. Cunningham, who was arrested and placed in the county jail last Friday charged with the murder of his 2-year-old grand-daughter, made a daring attempt to end his case about 5:30 p. m. Wednesday. He and one other inmate named Clide Spencer were by themselves in the third story of the jail. Spencer says that Cunningham had been acting strangely all day, and said he was going to kill himself the first opportunity. About the hour stated, while Spencer was in his cell writing he heard a noise which sounded like some one strangling and choking out in the corridor of the jail, and on rushing there he found Cunningham suspended by a leather belt from the top of the jail. Spencer at once gave the alarm to persons on the outside and ran to the strangling body and held it up until persons below could come to his assistance, and when Cunningham was cut down he was as limber as a rag and unconscious.

Industrial Association.

Terrell, Tex., Nov. 10.—The business men of Terrell met at the Elks' hall here Tuesday night and perfected an organization to be known as the Terrell Industrial association with the following officers: Matthew Cartwright, president; vice presidents, Oscar Price, W. E. Craddock, G. Mellersh, J. S. Grinnan and J. S. Griffith; secretary, J. G. Boyd, and treasurer, T. E. Corley.